

# THE ARIEL.

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE-BOUGHT GIFT WE BRING,

RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

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From the Token, for 1833.

## THE SHIPWRECK.

By B. B. Thatcher.

A noble ship, all gallantly,  
Over ocean's surge was dashing,  
And far and wide the sounding tide  
• Like serried hosts was flashing.

On her high deck, while showery spray  
From his locks of jet was streaming,  
The sailor lay in the sunny ray,  
Of home and childhood dreaming.

His father's cot!—beneath its eaves  
The ring-dove's song is swelling,  
And the robin weaves, of earliest leaves,  
And velvet moss, his dwelling.

His fireside bright!—the babe smiles there  
On the breast of her who bore him;  
And sisters fair, with long loose hair,  
Dance merrily before him.

Vain! Vain! He hath lost that magic sleep,  
He hath heard the cordage creaking,  
The wild wind streaks across the deep;  
The storm birds fitful shrieking.

But his ship the rocking surge doth scale  
Still with her proud flag waving;  
Each shattered sail still fronts the gale—  
Each spar the blast is braving.

Vain! Vain! Her quivering masts are broke  
With a ponderous peal like thunder;  
The lightning's stroke her limbs of oak  
Hath cleft like reeds asunder.

Oh, burning youth, and manhood brave,  
And brows with Time's fests hoary—  
They found a grave in the deep, deep wave,  
Alike for their woe and glory.

Of their homes thought they, where loud and free  
Their native rills were gushing;  
And the young rose-tree that wooed the bee  
On its myriad beauty blushing.

And the vine-bound roof, beneath whose eaves  
The ring-doves's song is swelling;  
And the robin weaves, of earliest leaves  
And velvet moss, her dwelling.

And the babe that slept--they thought of these,  
And the loved, who with bosom yearning,  
Whene'er the breeze shall curl the seas,  
Will look for them returning.

From the New York American.

## LINES—TO HER WHO WILL UNDERSTAND THEM.

"A place in thy memory, dearest,  
And a fiftieth share in each smile,  
And believe me, wherever thou steerest,  
I'll be after thee—after a while."

I have mark'd thee, when coxcombs were trying  
To deafen thine ears with their prose,  
And marking have thought, even sighing,  
Of a fog laying siege to a rose.

But the rose for her foggy annoyance  
Shrinks droopingly, palely away,  
Reserving her beauty and joyance  
For the radiant noon of the day.

But none on thy cheek can discover

If thou hast a preference too—  
There's a smile for the dunces and the lover,  
Alike if they bore thee, or woo.

Sometimes thy eternal flirtations  
Too severely my constancy try:—  
I renounce pusillanimous patience,  
And valiantly turn me and fly.

But as Noah's stray dove, when despairing  
Of a resting-place out of his bark,  
Came again, like a suppliant bearing  
An olive branch back to the ark,—

Even so, after each ebullition  
Of petulance, still to my chain  
I return, with the sighs of submission,  
And ask but to wear it again.

"A place in thy memory, dearest,  
And a fiftieth share in each smile,  
And believe me, wherever thou steerest,  
I'll be after thee—after a while."

The following lines written by T. K. Hervey, Esq. on Canova's Statue of a "Dancing Girl Reposing," are taken from a work just now published in London—a series of Engravings, with illustrative Poetry, of modern Sculpture—there is fine imagery in these lines, and much pathos in their conclusion:—

The spirit of the dance is past,  
And, like a bird, whose fainting wing  
Has travelled all too far and fast,  
And from its wandering stoops at last,  
To seek an earthly spring,—  
With folded frame and weary heart,  
The gentle girl reclines apart!  
The spirit of the dance is past,—  
Burnt out, like flame, before the blast  
That withers by its keen caress,  
And dies amid its own excess!  
The bounding soul of mirth is o'er,  
The impulse that so bright and high  
Shot up, like rocket-lights that soar,  
As if to reach the sky,  
But turn amidst their starry flight,  
And fall!—though, still, they fall *in light*—  
So—beautiful, but chastened, now,  
Appears the baffled girl,  
Though something of a *spirit* glow  
Has faded from her languid brow,  
Amid the mazy whirl!—  
But things that are of mortal birth,  
Are dearest with a look of earth.  
And thus—oh! thus it still must be  
With human hopes and wings,  
That leave too far and soaringly  
Their own allotted springs;  
That, like the Cretan boys, lure on  
The trusting hearts that wear them,  
And melt before the very sun  
To which their feathers bear them!  
Oh thus with earthly feelings all;—  
The song that saddens while we sing—  
The censors in the festive hall,  
That darken from the light they fling,  
That waste the more, the more they warm,  
And perish of their perfumed charm—  
Are types of earth, each frail delight,  
And cast their feathers in their flight,  
Or on their own sweet substance prey,  
And burn their precious selves away!

## SELECT TALES.

## BLANNERHASSETT'S ISLAND.

BY JUDGE HALL.

We left Parkersburgh early in the morning, and in the course of the day passed Blannerhassett's Island, a spot which the intrigues of one distinguished individual, the misfortunes of another, and the eloquence of a third, have made classic ground. I would gladly have loitered here for a few hours, but 'time and tide,' says the old saw, 'wait for no man.' How provoking! But time and tide, and captains of keel boats, know nothing of the solicitudes of sentimental travellers, and hurry us away from a famous spot with as little ceremony as from an half finished breakfast.

We approached the island in fine style, the boatmen pulling manfully at the oar, and straining their voices in concert. As we reached the upper end of it, they ceased their labors, and allowing the boat to float with the current, amused each other with stories of Burr and his confederates.

An event has seldom occurred, so intrinsically insignificant in its result, which has occasioned so great a sensation as the conspiracy of Burr; which, indeed, derives its consequences principally from the celebrity of the names attached to it, and the ignorance of the world as to its final object. Burr was the rival;—Hamilton the tried friend of Washington—his military aid, his political adviser, his social companion—equally eminent as a soldier, an orator, a writer, a financier, and a lawyer. The man who could make Hamilton experience, or even counterfeit,

"The stern joys that warriors feel,  
In foemen worthy of their steel,"

must have stood far above mediocrity. Colonel Burr was the son of a gentleman, eminent for his learning and piety, for many years President of the most celebrated college in America; and was himself a man of transcendent genius, and great attainments. He was remarkable for the elegance of his manners, the seductiveness of his address, the power and sweetness of his eloquence; but more so, perhaps, for the boldness and energy of his mind. Burr had contended unsuccessfully with Jefferson for the presidential chair, which he lost by a single vote; but while he filled the second place in point of dignity, very few at that time would have assigned him an inferior station in point of talents.

The duel between Hamilton and Burr filled the nation with astonishment and grief—grief for the death of a great and useful man, and astonishment at the delusion which occasioned it. Burr, with the corpse of Hamilton at his feet, might have felt the triumph of conquest; but it was a momentary flush; the laurels of the hero, watered by the tears of his country, retained their verdure, and even those who might have rejoiced at his political fall, execrated the destroyer of his existence.

Shortly after this bloody catastrophe, the conduct of Burr began again to excite the attention of the public. He had resigned his former employment, forsaken his usual haunts, and was leading an erratic and mysterious life. He frequently travelled *incognito*, performed long and rapid journeys, and remained but a short time at any one place. This restlessness was attributed to uneasiness of mind, and many began to sympathise with him whom they supposed to be thus tortured with the stings of conscience. But whatever might have been the workings of his mind, he soon evinced that his fire was not quenched, nor his ambi-

tion sated. He was now seen traversing the western wilds, eagerly seeking out the distinguished men of that country, particularly those who possessed military experience, or had hearts alive to the stirring impulses of ambition.

These indications were quickly succeeded by others of a more decided character. Secret as his intentions were, the first movements towards their execution awakened suspicion. The assembling of men, and collecting munitions of war, roused the government to action. Burr was arrested, his plans defeated, his adherents dispersed, and his reputation blasted. He became an exile and a wanderer; and after years of suffering returned to his native land, to become an insignificant member of that bar of which he had been one of the highest ornaments; an obscure citizen of the country over whose councils he had presided; and to add another to the list of splendid men who have been great without benefit to themselves or others, and whose names will be preserved, only

to point a moral, or adorn a tale."

He was entirely abandoned. Never was a man more studiously avoided, more unanimously condemned. The voice of eulogy was silent, the breath of party was hushed. Of the many who had once admired and loved him, none ventured to express their love or admiration. One fatal act of folly, or of crime, had obscured all the brilliancy of a splendid career; and although acquitted of treason by a court of justice, a much higher tribunal, that of public opinion, refused to reverse the sentence which consigned him to disgrace.

Such was the fate of Burr; but his plans are yet enveloped in mystery. A descent upon some part of Spanish America, and the establishment of an independent government, has been stated to have been the object; but it is alleged that a separation of the western states from the Union formed a part of the project. The latter charge rests almost entirely upon the evidence of General Eaton, a gentleman whose chivalrous disposition led him through many singular adventures, and whose history, as recorded by himself, presents a more favorable picture of his heart and genius than of his judgment. He was a man of warm temperature, who adopted hasty and vivid impressions, from the impulse of the moment. From his testimony, I should be inclined to believe that Colonel Burr had cherished some vague ideas respecting a disjunction of the Union, but it does not appear that those speculations were ever matured into any settled plan, or confided to his adherents. I am led to this conclusion by the characters of Colonel Burr and the gentlemen who were implicated with him in his disastrous expedition. Burr was a man of extended views, a close observer of men and manners, and it is not to be presumed that he would have lightly embraced a scheme so fraught with treason, madness, and folly. He knew the American people well. He had studied them with the eye of a statesman, and with the intense interest of an ambitious political aspirant. His rank in society, his political station, and his extensive practice at the bar, threw open a wide and varied scene to his observation, and exhibited his countrymen to him in a variety of lights and shades.

Nor was Burr the man upon whom such opportunities would be lost. To him the avenues to the human heart were all familiar, and he could penetrate with ease to its most secret recesses. To study man was his delight—to study his countrymen his business. Could he then have been a stranger to their intelligence, their sense of honor, their habits of calculation, and their love for their republican institutions? Could



he expect to transform at once the habits, feelings, tastes, and morals of a people conspicuous for their courage and political integrity!—for such are the people of the western states. It has been supposed, and with some plausibility, that his hopes were founded on the dissatisfaction evinced by the western people at the time of the discussion of our right to navigate the Mississippi. Is it true that the rude and unprovoked violation of our privileges on that river by Spain, excited an universal burst of indignation throughout the Union. It is also true, that this feeling was most warmly displayed in the west. In the Atlantic states, the insult was felt as implicating our national honor; in the west it was a matter of vital importance to all, and of personal interest to every individual, and as such it came home to men's business and bosoms. The Mississippi was the natural outlet, and New Orleans the mart for the produce of the west; and when that market, to which they believed they had an indefeasible right of access, was barred to them, it was but the natural and common impulse of the human mind which induced a people; at all times proud, impetuous, and tenacious, to call for vengeance and redress, with a sternness and impatience commensurate with their injuries. The conciliatory spirit and tardy policy of Mr. Jefferson, neither satisfied their feelings, nor suited their exigencies; and they were willing to impute to tameness in the executive, that which might have been the result of parental solicitude. Believing themselves to be abandoned by the general government, they felt it a duty to protect their own invaded rights; and if the government had not interposed with effect, they would doubtless have drawn the sword—against whom? the government? No,—but against the common enemy. In this there was no treason nor disaffection—no estrangement from their sister states, no breach of faith with the government, nor violation of the compact. It was saying only to their federal head—'Defend us, or we will defend ourselves.'

If Colonel Burr expected to fan these feelings into rebellion, he had either more boldness or less wisdom than has commonly been placed to his credit; and had he openly avowed this project, he would have called down upon his head the imprecations of a people, who, if they had spared his life, would not have forgotten so foul an insult to their virtue and understanding. But let us ask who were the adherents of Colonel Burr? Who were they who were to share his fortunes, to reap with him the proud laurels of successful valor, or the infamy of foul rebellion? Were they persons of obscure name and desperate fortune, or were they men of good blood and fair fame—'the darlings of the nation?' These questions are embarrassed with some uncertainty, because most of the gentlemen who have been accused of adhering to Colonel Burr, 'giving him aid and comfort,' have denied the fact; and as I am writing only for amusement, and speculating on events gone by, for speculation's sake, I wish not to assume anything as a fact on this delicate subject, which is, or has been controverted. But it is not denied that many 'prosperous gentlemen' were engaged in this enterprise; and many others suspected, with a belief so strong as to amount almost to certainty; and among these were men whom the people have since exalted to the most important trusts, and confided in with the most implicit reliance. Among them were men of high standing, who had reputations to be tarnished, fortunes to be lost, and families to be embarrassed; and many high souled youths, whose proud aspirations after fame could never have been gratified amidst the horrors of a civil war and the guilty scenes of rebellion.

It is argued against these gentlemen, that they have uniformly denied their connexion with Burr, which it is supposed they would not have done had they known his designs to be innocent. But this I do not conceive to be a fair argument. The united voice of the whole nation has declared Burr to be a traitor, and his adherents shared the obloquy which was heaped upon their misguided leader. Even admitting their innocence or their own belief of it, still it would have been a hopeless task for this handful of men to oppose their feeble asseverations to the 'voice potential' of a whole people. Many of them, also were candidates for office, and they found the avenues to preferment closed by the anathemas pronounced by the people against all who were concerned in what they believed to have been rank conspiracy. They might, therefore, have bent to the current they could not stem. The apostle Peter denied his master thrice!—but he was nevertheless a good honest apostle after all.

But I know that you are by this time ready to ask me, whether I am seriously endeavoring to convince you that Burr was a true and loyal subject to these United States? I have no such design; though I must confess, that if I had the power to execute so difficult a project, I would with pleasure employ it. I should be happy to obliterate a stain from the annals of my country, and a blot from the fame of a fellow citizen. I should be glad also to be always victorious in argument if I could admit that success was the test of truth. But this I do not believe. I will tell you what I do believe. I believe that nine-tenths of Burr's adherents knew no more about his projects than you, and I, and all the world; and that those who do know anything, to his or their own disadvantage, will be wise enough to keep their own counsel. But if I cannot tell you what Colonel Burr intended to do, I can relate what he did; for here I am in sight of the deserted fields and dilapidated mansion of the unfortunate Blannerhassett! That this fair spot, created by nature in one of her kindest moods, and embellished by the hand of art, was once the elegant retreat of a philosophic mind, has already been told in language which I need not attempt to emulate. But alas! I cannot now recognize the taste of Blannerhassett, or realise the paradise of Wirt. All is ruin, solitude, and silence! 'They are gone who made the wilderness to smile.'

Blannerhassett was an Irish gentleman of easy fortune—a man devoted to science, who retired from the world, in the hope of finding happiness in the union of literary and rural occupation. He selected this island as his retreat, and spared no expense in beautifying and improving it. He is described as having been retired in his habits, amiable in his propensities, greatly addicted to chemical studies, and a passionate lover of music. In this romantic spot, and in these innocent pursuits, he lived; and, to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to have been lovely, even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that could render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love, and made him the father of her children. But Blannerhassett, in an evil hour, became acquainted with Burr—he imbibed the poison of his ambition, became involved in his intrigues, and shared his ruin—a ruin as complete, desolate, and hopeless, as his former state had been serene and bright.

Whatever were Burr's intentions, it is certain that they embraced schemes so alluring or so magnificent, as to win the credulous Blannerhassett from the abstraction of study and the blandishments of love. This island became the centre of operations. Here arms were deposited and men collected; and here, assembled round their watch fires, young gentlemen, who

had seen better days,' and 'sat at good men's feasts,' enduring all the rigors of the climate, and the privations of a campaign, rewarding themselves in anticipation with the honors of war and the wealth of Mexico. Burr and Blannerhassett were the master spirits who planned their labors; Mrs. Blannerhassett was the light and life of all their social joys. If treason matured its dark designs in her mansion, here also the song, the dance, and the revel displayed their fascinations. The order of arrest was the signal of dispersion to this ill-fated band; and it is said that the lovely mistress of this fairy scene, the Calypso of this enchanted isle, was seen at midnight 'shivering on the wintry banks of the Ohio,' mingling her tears with its waters, eluding by stratagem the ministers of justice, and destitute of the comforts of life, and the solace of that hospitality which she had once dispensed with such graceful liberality.

I believe it is not doubted that Burr intended to have attempted the conquest of Mexico. A large portion of the people of that country, were supposed to be waiting only for a favorable opportunity to throw off the Spanish yoke. The Americans, as their neighbors, and as republicans, would it was thought, be received without suspicion; nor would Burr have unfolded his ultimate design until it should be too late to prevent its accomplishment. He would then have established a monarchy, at the head of which would have been King Aaron I. I am told that the young gentlemen who were proceeding to join him, often amused themselves on this subject; talking, half in jest and half in earnest, of the offices and honors which awaited them. Titles and places were already lavishly distributed in anticipation; and Mrs. ———, who was an accomplished and sprightly woman, had arranged the dresses and ceremonies of the court. When the alarm was given, and orders were issued for the arrest of Burr and his adherents, they were obliged to resort to a variety of expedients to escape detection. At Fort Massac, and other places, all boats descending the river were compelled to stop and undergo strict examination, to the great vexation of boatmen and peaceable voyagers, who were often obliged to land at unseasonable hours. Very diligent inquiry was made for the lady I have just mentioned, who several times narrowly escaped detection, through her own ingenuity and that of her companions. Adieu.

#### PERILS OF FUR TRAPPING.

The Missouri Beacon publishes the subjoined letter from Mr. Sublette, detailing his adventures during his last trip to the Rocky Mountains. In connection with this subject, the same paper remarks—

During the operations of Mr. Sublette in the mountains, he has met with repeated attacks from our old and inveterate enemies, the Blackfeet; but by his coolness, discretion, and judgment, has never failed to make them suffer severely for their temerity and ill-advised hostility. In the summer of 1831, Mr. S. and his party were attacked by about 150 warriors of that nation. After a long and severe fight the enemy retired, with the loss of about thirty killed, and a greater number wounded. The loss sustained by Mr. Sublette's party was very inconsiderable.

We are gratified to learn that Mr. S. has determined to discontinue his mountain excursions, and locate himself in the immediate vicinity of this place, where we hope he may long enjoy the fruits of his toilsome and laudable exertions.

The value of the Fur brought in by Mr. S. is about \$60,000. The following letter gives the particulars promised in our last.

LEXINGTON, Mo. Sept. 21, 1832.

Gen. W. H. ASHLEY,

Dear Sir,—I left the settlement on the 13th May, and on the 2d of July, on the head of the Colorado of the West, a party of the Blackfeet Indians endeavored to enter my camp at night, but finding a strong guard around it, they thought it dangerous; and, after securing some loose horses, which, on account of being too poor for service, were not kept in the encampment, and finding they could get no more, they fired on us and immediately ran off. The only injury sustained was two mules slightly wounded.

I arrived on the waters of the Columbia river on the 4th of July, and on the 8th at the rendezvous of the Rocky Mountain Hunters, on the Columbia river, west of the Three-Teton mountains.

On the 18th of July, about six miles from my camp, an engagement took place between a small party of whites, who had started for their hunting ground the day before, and a party of the Blackfeet Indians. An express was immediately sent to my camp, and I was joined by a considerable number of whites and some friendly Indians of the Pierced-nose and Flathead nations, to go to the assistance of those engaged. When we arrived at the spot, we found the Blackfeet had taken possession of a point of wood, surrounded by willows, where they had formed a strong fort of fallen timber, and had dug holes in the ground inside the fort, where they could lie secure from our fire. Finding them thus fortified, and that we were exposed to their fire on the prairie without being able to injure them, I proposed entering the willows, and approaching their fort, where we would be on more equal footing. I was joined by about thirty whites and as many friendly Indians, making our force nearly equal to that of our enemy. We advanced within fifteen paces of their fort, and continued firing on them, which they vigorously returned for some time. Discovering at length that they were too securely protected against our rifles, we determined on burning their fort, contrary to the wishes of our friendly Indians, who were anxious to secure the plunder. Having placed a train of dry wood to reach their fort, and when nearly prepared to apply fire to it, one of our friendly Indians, who spoke the Blackfeet language, and had held a conversation with them during the engagement, was told by them that they were convinced we could kill them all, but that 6 or 800 warriors of their tribe were momentarily expected there, who would give us enough of fighting. Owing to the misconstruction of the interpreter, who communicated it to the whites, he was understood to say, that 6 or 800 warriors were then in the valley attacking our camp; consequently, the fight was immediately discontinued, and not until we got to the prairie was the matter properly explained. It was then deemed too late to renew the attack.

We lost in the engagement Mr. St. Clair, of Arkansas, who was killed before we reached the fort. Another man, who too fearlessly ventured up to the fort and fired into it, received two balls in the head, and was killed on the spot. Thomas Quigly, of St. Louis, was wounded in the head, and I understood died on the 3th day afterwards. He had started with a trapping party, who were about 30 miles from my camp. Miller, of Boone county, in this state, was severely wounded in the body, which I fear will have proved fatal. Myself and three other whites, were wounded. Six of the Pierced-nose Indians were killed, and two wounded.

Next morning a parcel of whites went to the battle ground and found the Indians had fled to the mountains in the night, bearing with them their wounded on litters. They left nearly all their baggage, and had nine warriors and 25 horses killed on the ground.

On the 25th July, seven men started from Missouri, and on the 26th came upon a party of about 20 Blackfeet, who killed two of them, Moore and Foy, and wounded Alfred K. Stephens, of St. Louis, in the thigh, supposed



at the time not dangerously. The party returned to the camp. The wound of Stephens mortified, and he died on the 30th July.

I left the rendezvous on the 30th of July, and the Columbia river on the 3d of August. On the 4th passed the 6 or 800 warriors, which we were told of by the party with whom we fought on the 18th of July. I expected an attack from them daily—as my force was only about 60 men—but, from some cause unknown to me, they suffered us to pass unmolested. My party arrived here on the 21st September, all in good health.

The whole number of men killed by the Blackfeet Indians, belonging to the different companies in that country, during the last year, amounts to nine, a part of whom were killed after my arrival there.

Very respectfully, your ob't serv't.

WM. M. SUBLETTE.

From the Boston Courier.

### I SEE THEE STILL.

"I rocked her in her cradle,

"And laid her in the tomb. She was the *youngest*.

"What fireside circle hath not felt the charm

"Of that sweet tie? The youngest ne'r grow old.

"The fond endearments of our earlier days

"We keep alive in them, and when they die,

"Our youthful joys we bury with them."

I see thee still:

Remembrance, faithful to her trust,  
Calls thee in beauty from the dust;  
Thou comest in the morning light,  
Thou'rt with me through the gloomy night;  
In dreams I meet thee as of old,  
Then thy soft arms my neck enfold,  
And thy sweet voice is in my ear;  
In every scene to memory dear,  
I see thee still.

I see thee still,

In every hallowed token round;  
This little ring thy finger bounl,  
This lock of hair thy forehead shaded,  
This silken chain by thee was braided,  
These flowers, all withered, now, like thee,  
Sweet SISTER, thou didst cull for me;  
This book was thine, here didst thou read;  
This picture, ah! yes, here, indeed,  
I see thee still.

I see thee still:

Here was thy summer noon's retreat,  
Here was thy favorite fireside seat;  
This was thy chamber, here, each day,  
I sat and watched thy sad decay;  
Here, on this bed, thou last didst lie,  
Here, on this pillow—thou didst die;  
Dark hour! once more its woes unfold;  
And then I saw thee, pale and cold,  
I see thee still.

I see thee still:

Thou art not in thy grave confined,  
Death cannot chain the immortal mind;  
Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,  
But goodness dies not in the dust;  
Thee, O my SISTER, 'tis not thee,  
Beneath the coffin's lid I see;  
Thou to a fairer land art gone;  
There, let me hope, my journey done,  
To see thee still.

A few days previous to a recent election a candidate for the office of sheriff was thus accosted by a neighbor—"Well, sir, I hope you may be elected, for I would rather be hung by you than any body else." "And I," replied the candidate, "would rather hang you than any body else."

ANECDOTE OF BRAINARD.—He often like most men, disliked the labor of intellectual composition, and preferred a quiet lounge; but when he felt the inspiration, composed with extreme readiness, and sometimes wrought himself up into an afflatus, to save mechanical trouble. The following incident is an illustration. A familiar friend had long solicited Brainard to write a piece of poetry in a Common Place Book, which was intended for a young lady; but without success. Brainard always excused himself on the score of business, or lack of humor, till at last on a cold day his friend again entered the Editor's room with the identical Common Place Book in his hand, and renewed his request for him to write. Brainard stood by the table, with a knife in his hand, which he had just been using in clipping paragraphs for his paper. He was shivering with the cold, and turning his eyes to the fire place, saw there nothing but a few exhausted embers. He looked around the room but could discover no wood. Anxious to be warm, and hating the trouble of procuring fuel himself, he turned round to his friend with a look of desire and humor—"God," said he, "I tell you what, if you will run up stairs and bring me down an armful of wood, I'll write for you."

The wood was in the garret up two flight of stairs, but the Place Book was instantly handed to Brainard, and its owner went off for his burthen, glad in any way to secure the poetry. He had hardly returned, before Brainard had entirely completed the beautiful lines following:—

See to your book, young lady; let it be  
An index to your life—each page be pure,  
By vanity unclouded, and by vice  
Unspotted. Cheerful be each modest leaf.  
Not rude; and pious be each written page  
Without hypocrisy, be it devout;  
Without moroseness be it serious,  
If sportive, Innocent; and if a tear  
Blot its whole margin, let it drop for those  
Whose wickedness needs pity more than hate.  
Hate no one—hate their vices, not themselves.  
Spare many leaves for charity—that flower,  
That better than the rose's first white bud  
Becomes a woman's bosom. There we seek  
And there we find it first. Such be your book,  
And such, young lady, always may you be.

NOTES BY THE WAY SIDE.—"And whence has 'New Hampshire,' its derivation?" we asked of the antiquary.

He hesitated a moment;

"I will tell you," said he.

When the colony of the pilgrims had pushed the spoiliations of culture, farther into the interior, and lopped off more of the natural luxuriant redundancies of the new world. When colonies were sent out to pitch their log houses in the wilderness of woods, one among the number became very short of provisions, and it was feared the whole would die of starvation. They called loudly on the mother colony for assistance. This was not refused, but in consequence of an unusual drought, the scarcity had been general. That venturesome spirit, which is a characteristic of the genuine Yankee, induced many to turn SPECULATORS. In whatever direction you cast your eye, "the broad and staring capitals" NEW HAMPS HERE, met its vision. And from many a soft and cherry cheeked lassie, did the then enchanting sound proceed of "new hams here,"—"new hams here." Every person who was not in absolute necessity, and could shoulder a ham, hung out his sign and turned pork merchant. And I have now given you as far as I could collect, the origin of the appellation of the New England state, New Hampshire.

## MISCELLANY.

## SHARP SHOOTING.

Barking off squirrels is delightful sport, and in my opinion requires a greater degree of accuracy than any other. I first witnessed this manner of procuring squirrels, whilst near the town of Frankfort, Kentucky.—The performer was the celebrated Daniel Boon. We walked out together, and followed the rocky margin of the Kentucky river, until we reached a piece of flat land thickly covered with black walnuts, oaks and hickories. As the general mast was a good one that year, squirrels were seen gamboling on every tree us. My companion, a stout, hale, athletic man, dressed in a homespun hunting shirt, bare-legged and moccasined, carried a long and heavy rifle, which as he was loading it, he said had proved effective in all his former undertakings, and which he hoped would not fail on this occasion, as he felt proud to show me his skill. The gun was wiped, the powder measured, the ball was patched with six-hundred thread lines, and the charge sent home with a hickory-rod. We moved not a step from the place, for the squirrels were so numerous that it was unnecessary to go after them. Boon pointed to one of these animals which had observed us, and was crouched on a branch about 50 paces distant, and bid me mark well where the ball should hit. He raised his piece gradually until the bead (that being the name given by the Kentuckians to the sight) of the barrel was brought to a line with the spot which he intended to hit. The whip-like report resounded through the woods and along the hills in repeated echoes. Judge of my surprise when I perceived that the ball had hit the piece of the bark immediately beneath the squirrel, and shivered it into splinters, the concussion produced by which had killed the animal, and sent it whirling through the air, as if it had been blown up by the explosion of a powder magazine. He kept up his firing, and before many hours had elapsed we had procured as many squirrels as we wished; for you must know, kind reader, that to load a rifle requires only a moment, and that if it is wiped once each shot, it will do duty for hours. Since that interview with our veteran Boon, I have seen many other individuals perform the feat.

## A YANKEE TRICK.

Jonathan had grown tired of sweating for his father, because, to use his own words, he 'did not get nothing but cabbage and homespun,' and as for honors, he might once have been promoted to the rank of corporal, if his sire had not utterly refused to loan him his cast off regimentals; but, for all his disappointed hopes, Jonathan was a shrewd personage, ready to 'gum the flats' whenever occasion offered, and exceedingly ambitious of hoarding shiners which he could call his own. His pockets, however, never, never had felt the weight of a single fip, which did not some how or other find its way into the family locker. He therefore broke his allegiance with the 'old man,' begged three and sixpence from his grandfather, and journeyed westward. Fortune adopted him as her own, and he soon fell in with a Dutchman, whose inner man borrowed its vivacity from the outer, which ranged somewhere between the Falstaff and Turtle soup fashions, inclining as years multiplied, to the former, and indicating absence of thought in proportion to his corporeal rotundity. Michael Von Higgenbeck girted precisely eight feet Flemish. His words were few and emphatic; his movements deliberate quite to a charm; and he made it the chief boast of his life that he never had been cheated.

Jonathan learned at an inn, that Michael had a snug but untenanted farm in a distant part of the country; and after making sundry inquiries touching Mynheer, repaired to his homestead, and offered to take the untenanted farm 'at the halves.' To this proposition Michael agreed, adding a condition that he should have the *tops* and Jonathan the *bottoms* of all that was raised. Jonathan retired to his new abode to make the best of his bargain, and Michael to his pipe, chuckling at his adroitness in over-reaching the Yankee. Time brought harvest, and with it Michael to demand his rent. The season had been propitious, and Jonathan gathered in abundance. Will you take *your* half now sir? Yaw, replied Michael. Jonathan pointed to a large pile of tops; the bottoms were—potatoes. The truth suddenly flashed upon Michael's understanding; but it was too late to grumble; there was the bargain, and there were his tops. Thinking still to come round the Yankee, he rented his farm to him a second year, conditioning at its expiration for all the bottoms. Another year elapsed, and Michael appeared to claim the bottoms; but Jonathan had planted nothing but wheat. 'Mine got!' exclaimed Mynheer, 'te tam Yankee gets te tops and te bottoms; but I will have them all hole minself next year.' At the expiration of the next year came Michael with his teams, but Jonathan had decamped with the corn, leaving behind him, according to the agreement, all the tops and the bottoms for his landlord.

## THE FAR WEST.

But a few years since, a journey from the eastern and middle states to the region of country we now occupy was considered an undertaking, which none but the most hardy, brave and daring enterprise could accomplish. The most impenetrable wilderness and intricate morasses intervening between this place and Rochester, presented obstacles to the progress of our Western pioneers, which none but those who have perforated into the deep recesses of the entangling forests, can imagine. But a short time has elapsed since the majestic monarchs of the wood reared their proud and stately tops, where the waving grain and luxuriant corn now bend before the floating breeze. The onward pace of emigration, of industry and enterprise, is fast carrying the arts and comforts of civilization to the remote regions of the rocky mountains' solid base. How changed is the still changing west! From a vast uncultivated territory covered with a dense forest—broken only by the luxuriant prairie—the queen of floods, and her noble tributaries, and the cordon of inland seas that girt the wild domain, uninhabited by human being except 'the stoic of the woods, the man without a tear;' the west, within a few years has become a mighty populous portion of the Union—the seat of civilization and the arts—the home of rewarded industry and enterprise—the resting place of the emigrant—and the emphatic land of liberty, equality and independence. The red lord of the tangled wood has vanished like the mist of the morning. Beautiful cities, towns, and villages and farms, have sprung up as if by enchantment, where curled the silver smoke from his rude wigwam. His light canoe on the river has given place to the majestic steamboat of the white man, and the lakes in which he used to dip his noble limbs in solitude, are now whitened by numerous sails from an hundred marts of commerce. Wonderful retrospect, yet still more glorious prospect! Her march as with a giant's stride, is still onward. Every day our forests fall before the woodman's stroke, and ere the stumps have withered, we hear the pleasing hum of the village school, and who that looks abroad on all



this, will not exclaim with pride, in the language of our sweetest poet, 'This is my own, my native land.'—*Cleveland Herald*.

#### A BUSY PAY DAY.

A profligate young fellow, the son of a lawyer of some eminence in Rhode Island, on a certain muster or general inspection day, purchased a horse of an ignorant farmer, engaging to pay for it on the next inspection day. He gave a note; but instead of *inspection*, he inserted the word *resurrection*—making it payable on the resurrection day!

When the next inspection day had come and the farmer, unsuspecting of the trick, supposed the note to be due, he called on the young man for payment. The latter expressed great astonishment that he should call upon him before the note was out.

'But it is out,' said the farmer; 'you promised to pay me the next inspection day; the time has come round, and I want my money.'

'If you will look at the note again,' said the young man coolly, 'you will find it has a very long time to run yet.'

The farmer was sure the note was due, or ought to be; but on spelling it over carefully, he found to his astonishment that it was not due till the resurrection day. He remonstrated with the young scape-grace; but all to no purpose, and he finally laid the case before his father the lawyer. The latter took his son aside, and told him he had better settle the thing at once; 'for,' said he, 'though the pay-day is far distant, you are in a fair way to have business enough on your hands that day, without having any of your notes to settle.'

The advice was taken.

#### VOTE BY BALLOT.

An anecdote of a singular character was related to me by an Englishman relative to his own election to the post of brigadier general. The candidate opposed to him had served in the late war, and in his address to the electors boasted not a little of the circumstance, and concluded by stating that he was 'ready to lead them to the cannon's mouth when necessary.' This my friend, the general, thought a poser; but, however, he determined on trying what virtue there was—not in stones, like the 'old man' with the 'young sauce-box'—but in a much more potent article, whiskey—so after having stated that although he had not served, yet he was ready to serve against the 'hired assassins of England'—this is a term by which the Americans designate our troops—as his opponent; he concluded by saying—'Boys, Mr. F—— has told you he is ready to lead you to a cannon's mouth—now I don't wish you any such misfortune as getting the contents of a cannon in your bowels; but, if necessary, perhaps I'll lead you as far as he would; however, men, the short and the long of it is, instead of leading you to the mouth of a cannon, I'll lead you this instant to the mouth of a barrel of whiskey.' This was enough—the electors shouted, roared, laughed, drank, and—elected my friend brigadier general. Brigadier general! what must this man's relatives in England think when they hear that he is a brigadier general in the American army? Yet he is a very respectable man, an auctioneer, and much superior to many west country generals. The fact is, a dollar's worth of whiskey and a little Irish wit will go as far in electioneering as five pounds will go in England; and were it not for the protection afforded by the ballot, the Americans would be fully as corrupt and would exercise the franchise as little in accordance with public interest, as the English and Irish who en-

joy the freedom of corporate towns. Some aspirants to office in the New England States, about the time of the last presidential election, tried the system of bribing, and obtained promises fully sufficient to ensure their returns; but on counting the votes, it was found that more than one half the persons who were paid to vote for, must have voted against the persons who had bribed them. It is needless to say this experiment was not tried again. The Americans thought it bad enough to take the bribe, but justly concluded that it would be a double crime to adhere to the agreement. The bravo who takes a purse to commit assassination, and does not do that for which he has been paid, is a perfect angel, when compared to the villain that performs his contract.—*Ferrall's Rambles through America*.

**THE PYRAMIDS.**—The next morning I ascended the great pyramid, which is 500 feet in height; its base about 700 feet long at each square, making a circumference of about 300 feet; and its summit is 28 feet square. It is perfectly true, as a celebrated traveller has observed, that you feel much disappointed at the first view of the pyramids. As they stand in the midst of a flat and boundless desert, and there is no elevation near with which to contrast them, it is not easy to be aware of their magnitude, until, after repeated visits and observations, their vast size fills the mind with astonishment.

The outside of the great pyramid is formed of rough stones, of light yellow color, which form unequal steps all round from the bottom to the summit. These stones or steps are two, three or four feet high, and the ascent is rather laborious, but perfectly free from danger or any serious difficulty. What a boundless and extraordinary prospect opened from the summit! On one side a fearful and melancholy desert, either level or broken into wild and fantastic hills of sand or rocks; on the other, scenes of the utmost fertility and beauty, marked the course of the Nile, that wound its way as far as the eye could reach into Upper Egypt; beneath, amidst the overflow of waters, appeared the numerous hamlets and groves encircled like so many beautiful islets; and far in the distance was seen the smoke of Cairo and its lofty minarets, with the dreary Mount Mokattam rising above. Who but would linger over such a scene, and, however wide he roamed, who would not feel hopeless of ever seeing it equalled. *Carne's Letters from the East*.

**DIAMOND MILL AT AMSTERDAM.**—The diamond mill is one of the most interesting objects in Amsterdam. It is the property of a Jew, whose son, a clever lad, obligingly conducted us through the rooms, and explained the various parts of the process of polishing diamonds. Four horses turn a wheel, setting in motion a number of smaller wheels in the room above, whose cogs, acting on circular metal plates, keep them in continued revolution. Pulverized diamond is placed on these; and the stone to be polished, fastened at the end of a piece of wood by means of an amalgam of zinc and quicksilver, is submitted to the friction of the adamantine particles. This is the only mode of acting on diamond, which can be ground and even cut, by particles of the same substance.

In the latter operation, diamond dust is fixed on a metal wire that is moved rapidly backwards and forwards over the stone to be cut. You are probably aware of the distinction between a rose diamond and a brilliant. The one is entire and set vertically, the other is divided and set horizontally. The largest diamonds are reserved for roses, which always rise in the centre to an angle; the smaller are used as brilliants, and have a flat octagon on the upper surface.

## MILITIA MUSTER.

'Tention the hole! shoulder as you were!'

'I say Capting, Mike's priming his fire-lock with brandy.'

'Why deacon Michael Bigelow, ain't you ashamed to due such a thing arter signing the temperance paper, I'll report you to the court martial.'

'You without bagonets on your corn stocks, stand back in the rear rank. Trail arms.'

'Capting, why the dickens dont you put the ranks further; that are chap's bagonet stuck rite into Jim's trowsers, and I rather guess he wont set down so slick as he used to.'

'I say, Capting, do you see them thare gals out yonder? By gosh, the gals awl love us solgers. Haloo, Nancy Runabout, you blush like a cabbage—this way—will you have 2d worth of gingerbread? I'll be darned if you aint the prettiest gal in the United States of New York. Why Nance, you look so sleek around the waist that I rally believe you have used a bed winch and pin to cord your corslets. You'd make a good wife for a solger, cause you see you could carry six months provisions in that thundering roll of canvass about your shoulders.'

'I say, Mister, dont blow your backer smoke in my face.'

'Why, darn it, how could I help it; this here feller in shoulderin his firelock, stuck his bagonet right through the rim of my beaver, and I rather guess, as how, any on you would jerk your head a leetle one side, smoke or no smoke.'

'Mister, hand me down my hat.'

'Can't do it; wait till the Captain tells us to order arms; won't bring down my firelock without orders, if your head was on't.'

'That's right, Joe; rale solger, I tell ye—only arter this, shoulder your firelock perpendicular.'

'John, you've got a firelock, what made you bring your numbrel?'

'Why, Capting, the wind was due east, and I heard the turkeys schreechin, so I knew we'd have a shower.'

'Tom, what are you bawlin about?'

'Why, Capting, Jim Lummis smashed my toe with the but of his gun, and I rather guess its a 36 pounder, for its tarnation heavy.'

'Jim Lummis, jest have the politeness to take your gun off Tom's toe, and look out how you smack after this.'

'Capting, I say, here's an engagement or rather an attack on the right flank.'

'Why, Leftenant, you dont say so—who is it?'

'Why, Park Lummis and George King fighting like blazes!'

'We'll make a ring after parade and see fair play; only tell them to stay till we git done sogerin.'

'I say, Leftenant, what made you put fat Arthur in the front rank?'

'Kase as how, Capting, he's so tarnal switchell belied, he'll keep the ranks in open order. I rather guess if he should ever be prompted to Major, he'll look like a sack of salt on horseback. If we should go to battle and all be kilt but him he wouldn't be the skiliton of the regiment.'

'Capting Skinslint, you go on the rite of the company.'

'What for, Capting?'

'Kase as how the tallest men always do; you're as long as the Grand Canal, and split up like a two foot rule. Now I tell you, if you don't go rite off, we'll make a lightening rod of ye.'

'Capting, I say, its arter sun down, and I rather guess I neednt stay any longer according to law.'

'Well, I agreed. Now! get into a strate line as quick as greased lightnin. Right face. Dismiss!'

**A KNOTTY CASE.**—A Mr. Henson, a shoemaker, who resided at Woodend, near where the village house is now kept, was not remarkable for the acuteness of his mental perceptions. He kept for sale in the front part of his shop, a few little matters most called for by the neighbors; such as beer, candles, fruit, bread, &c. One morning a wag stepped in, and purchased a bottle of beer. He stood talking a few minutes, and finally said he was sorry he had purchased the beer, and requested Mr. Henson to exchange it for a loaf of bread, as the price was the same. To this the worthy cordwainer readily assented; the wag took the loaf and eat it while in the shop. As he was going out the vender hesitatingly reminded him that he had not paid him for the bread.

"Certainly I have paid for the bread, I gave you the beer for it."

"But, then, you haven't paid me for the beer."

"I did'nt take the beer. It is before you at this moment."

The worthy Crispin was astounded. He looked sedately and rubbed his forehead; but all to no purpose; the case was still a mystery.

"True," said he, "you gave me the bottle of beer for the bread, and as I still have the bottle of beer I can't demand pay for that; but I had both—one is now gone, and I have received no money." He then again gravely considered the matter, and finally abruptly broke out with this conclusion, "'Sdeath! take it neighbor, it is just as you say, but I'll be darned if I can see into it."—*Lynn Weekly Messenger*.

**Dogs.**—An eminent physician of Chenango county, New York, (says the Boston Atlas,) had a faithful dog named Bent, that always attended him in his medical visits around the neighboring villages. He could never prevail on him to take a place in his vehicle, but he would follow him on foot until the doctor stopped; when, the instant he alighted from the vehicle, Bent would spring in and protect his property. If any one dared to approach the horse, the dog gave him to understand, by a most significant growl, that he must be careful how he trespassed on the rights of his master. At home, when his mistress had been washing, and left her clothes in the yard over night to dry, she had only to call the attention of Bent to the circumstance, and he would keep guard faithfully till morning. The health of the doctor became seriously impaired, and he made a voyage to Europe with the hope of regaining it. A few days after his departure the dog became very uneasy, and scoured the village in search of him. Having become evidently satisfied that his master was not to be found in the immediate vicinity of his residence, he made an excursion about the country, to the distance of fifty or sixty miles, and stopped at every house where his master had ever been, in the hope of finding him. He was gone nearly three weeks, but finally he came home, and gave up further search in despair. Upon the return of the doctor, the dog manifested his joy in the most sagacious manner. He threw his fore paws around his neck, and embraced him very affectionately. From that moment he was unwilling to go into the kitchen at night, until he had satisfied himself that the doctor had gone to rest. He would insist on entering his bed room, and would raise himself upon the bed and look in to see if he was there. At the doctor's death, the dog seemed to be perfectly conscious of the loss he had sustained, and testified his sorrow in so affecting a manner, that it was remarked by every person that saw him.



## FEMALE FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

The only novelty noticeable among the fashions of the week, is a small capote of cherry-colored watered silk, the front being shaped into small points, that meet under the chin instead of strings, and turning up slightly towards the centre. It is trimmed with bows of cherry-colored gauze ribbon, beautifully shot with white, and a small heron's feather. The crowns of bonnets are no longer made to fall back, but, although still small, quite perpendicular. When composed of pale grey or camel's hair silk, they are trimmed with china-asters, balsams, or double larkspurs. The bows are universally made without ends.

With dresses of plain chaly made for the evening, gauze sleeves may be worn; as it is a material that admits equally of silk or thread net, or lace, by way of trimming. Many chaly dresses are richly embroidered in floss silk; and to these long sleeves of blonde are generally added. Full dress muslin evening dresses for young ladies, have a falling pelerine of lace; and short sleeves trimmed with bows of colored gauze riband.

High ornamented combs are almost exploded; but, when worn, those of black buffalo horn are selected for ladies with fair hair, and for black hair, very pale tortoise shell or amber, or a new composition of gold colored gum, are preferred. But the most remarkable innovation in hair-dressing is the introduction of plain flat curls, which (by way probably of economising their own time) has been attempted by the leading coiffeurs of Paris. The fashion is, however, so extremely unbecoming to persons of prominent features, for whose advantage the light *crepe* curls were originally invented, that it is not expected to become predominant. But whether flat or frizzed, the curls are completely divided, so as to show the whole forehead. A very pretty ornament, called a *cadennette*, is likely this winter to replace those *a la feronniere*; and another fanciful addition to the toilet has been introduced in the form of a black velvet that passes round the throat, and crosses in front, through a black jet ring; the ends falling to the top of the corset, are confined on the bosom by a second jet-ring, to which a brooch-pin is affixed. This little cravat being mounted with gold, has a neat effect, and is supposed to form an advantageous contrast to fair complexions.

The little light morning caps, originally made to be worn under bonnets, with a *ruche* of double plaited *tulle* round the face, have now a third plaiting next the crown, edged with a very narrow colored riband, which produces a better effect than the ends of riband at first plaited in with the net.

Patrick Joyce, residing in Broad St. was yesterday brought before his honor, Judge Whitman, charged with selling spirituous liquor without a license. Patrick was very unwilling to be brought into court, and considered it rather an offensive proceeding.

"Are you guilty or not guilty," said the court.

"If I'm guilty yer honor, so is the whole of Broad street."

"Are you guilty or not guilty," again asked the court.

"No! I am not," sternly replied Patrick, "I am a householder, and occupy part of a cellar in Broad street. My wife, you must know, was dancing with some gentlemen sailors. She was endeavoring to turn a penny to advantage by taking two coppers a glass for all they whet their whistles with. I was doing a snug business in a small way. If there was any harm I'm very sorry. It surely did no harm to any body whatever; and besides that, I couldnt afford to give them the dance, and find the liquor too, free gratis for nothing."

The court here explained the law to Patrick, and ordered him to be fined fifteen dollars and costs.

"Tis most confounded hard," said Pat, as he paid the money and walked out of the office.

## DEATH OF SPURZEIM.

The mail from Boston to-day brings the unexpected intelligence of the death of this distinguished philosopher, whom we had vainly hoped to have seen and heard in this city. The following brief obituary notice is from the Boston Daily Advertiser:

Died, in this city, on Saturday night last, after an illness of two or three weeks, of typhus fever, Dr. Gaspard Spurzeim. He was a distinguished German physician, the author of several works on the Anatomy and Physiology of the Brain, and the celebrated coadjutor of Dr. Gall, in expounding and propagating a peculiar system of phrenology. Dr. S. was born near Treves, in the year 1776, he pursued his medical studies in Vienna, where in 1800 he heard the lectures of Dr. Gall on Craniology. From that time this study became his chief pursuit, and he visited several countries of Europe for the purpose of prosecuting his researches, and at the same time giving public lectures on his favorite subject. Since his arrival in this city, which was a few months since, Dr. S. has made a most favorable impression, from his extensive learning and his agreeable manners. His lectures were attended by a large audience, and gave great satisfaction, for the ingenuity and learning which they displayed, independently of the merits of the peculiar system, which it was their leading object to develop. His death is sincerely lamented as that of an amiable and accomplished man. We presume that our citizens, in committing his body to the earth, will not do it without some demonstration of respect for the memory of a learned stranger who has thus closed his days among us.

The Boston Daily Atlas says:

In stature he was about six feet high, of a large frame, and muscular. His countenance was open and generous; and honesty and benevolence were certainly discoverable in his face. He has been married, but we have not been informed whether his wife is living or not. A sister, the only relative of whom mention has been made, now resides at Paris.

Dr. Spurzeim's head is one of the finest that could possibly be selected to sustain the doctrine to which he devoted his life. The body was removed yesterday to the Medical College, where the post mortem examination will be made before the faculty of the city. Casts, we understand, will be made of the cranium, face, and brain; and afterwards the body will be embalmed, and deposited at Mount Auburn, to be given to his friends in Europe, should they request its removal.

The Methodists of Yverden, in Switzerland, have commenced burning, wherever they can lay hands on them, all profane books; they suffer their beards to grow, muffle themselves up in a long gown, carry a wallet, and do not make use of the post, on the ground that the apostles sent no letters by such a conveyance. Their leader has promised to perform miracles, and says he will walk with dry feet across the lake of Neuchatel.

CURIOUS ASSORTMENT.—We find in the National Intelligencer of the 7th ult. that an auction sale of the personal estate of Isaac Overton, deceased, was to take place on the following day, consisting of

- "A quantity of household and kitchen furniture;
- "A colored boy about 15 years of age;
- "A gray mare;
- "And a lot of cabbage."

## CONFESSIONS OF A VICTIM.

I AM the only son of reputable and wealthy parents. Early in life, I entered into a mercantile house in New York, for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the business, preparatory to commencing, on my own responsibility, a mercantile career. At this time, I was eighteen, and had but recently returned from my academic studies at New Haven. My person, at that early period, was good; my mind polished by education, and my manners, if not graceful, were easy. I was glad of heart and ambitious of distinction—eager for the reputation of integrity, and an enthusiast in my admiration of genius. My associates were reputable and the sons of gentlemen—the prospect before me was excellent, and my life glided onward like a placid stream.

It was within a few weeks of my nineteenth birth-day, that I became acquainted with Amelia Montfort. She was a being of perfect virtue, of transcendent beauty, and of uncommon mind—had an eye for the beauties of nature, and a soul for the spell of poesy. She was three years my junior; her beauty rather in the blossom than in the bud, and her intellect, more remarkable for its gift of imagination, than for its power. She had mingled little in society—knew less of the heartlessness of mankind—and her heart was the temple of enthusiastic and ardent, but of hallowed feelings.

For myself, I had mingled much in female society; had pressed many "a thin red lip," and bowed before many a rich dark eye. But Amelia was a glad creature, a "girl in gentleness," and "a high-souled woman" in dignity; and when she elicited admiration, it was even blended with esteem. Mingled in her temperament, also, there was a tinge of romance—it was the romance rather of devoted feeling, than of affected sentiment; and even when her affections were hoarded up in the sanctuary of her own pure bosom, she acknowledged their intensity, and confessed the idolatry which would mingle in her love. In brief, Amelia became the beau ideal of my fancy, and ere I knew her many months, I was her worshipper.

My thoughts were all bound up in the frenzy of my feelings—affection had imparted to my character a new tinge, and to my habits another current. In my communings with that being, I was supremely happy. There was enchantment in the very atmosphere she breathed—my dreams caught their delirious raptures from her memory, and my waking thoughts dwelt constantly upon Amelia. She was worthy of all my regard—worthy of all my devotion—and every hour seemed but to unfold some estimable trait in her character.

When I was twenty years of age, we were married. My father relinquished his business in my favor, and life glided on for another year, all sunshine and happiness.

By this time, I had gone out more frequently to mingle with the world—became interested in politics, and thirsted for power. I was engaged in a lucrative mercantile career—my family was influential, and my aid readily accepted, if not courted, by the wily and perfidious minions of office. Gradually, I became deeply interested in political warfare—gradually, I forgot the spell of my wife's virtue and affections—and, gradually, there was delirium and joy in the wine cup, and I became one of the votaries of Bacchus.

I cannot portray how insidiously the charm wove into my senses, and frittered away my faculties. It now seems as a terrible and impossible dream—but the horrors of that dream are imprinted with letters of fire upon my brain. The agonies of my remorse, have been as serpents gnawing the tenderest vitals of my existence. I gaze back upon the past, and would fain blot its hallowed moments from the page of my being.

But to continue. With "stealthy step and slow," I became the victim of intemperance—neglected my business, and was a bankrupt—was at first pointed at and pitied by my friends and relatives, and at last, shunned and despised as a disgrace and a dishonor.

It was many months before my wife could bring herself to the conviction, that I was a drunkard. I that had come to her in her youth and beauty—I that had called forth and broken up the deepest recesses of her soul! I that was applauded for my integrity—honored for my virtue—and emulated for my character! how could she deem me a drunkard—a loathed and contemptible sot—a disgrace to my name, and a disgrace to humanity. She closed her eyes for a weary period upon a truth so horrible, and endeavored to shut out from her senses, and her understanding, the blackness of my guilt! Oh God! how that being clung to, and worshipped me, even amid the abject contumely of my degradation. How she clung amid the wretchedness of her despair, to the hope that I yet might be retrieved. How she wept, and persuaded, and endeavored to fascinate me back to my domestic enjoyments, and to keep me, even for one night, from the dens of iniquity and the revelry of crime! How she "threw her white arms round me," and besought me with earnest looks, and pure caresses, to remember my early vows—to remember my own happiness—her peace of mind, and my father's cares for the sake of his only child, and the heir to his hitherto unspotted fame. Oh, my God! how impossible it now seems, that I could have steeled my heart against such persuasions—how impossible it seems, that I could have gone forth after such a scene as this, and bathed my senses, like a brute, in the debasing influence of intoxication. Would to heaven that I could live over again my young life. Would that again I might hear the glad voice of my Amelia, and bask in the innocent smiles of her affection! Would I could call up the shade of my murdered sire, and weep away my shame and anguish, in tears of blood! But in vain now is the agony of my remorse—in vain do I repent of early error, and invoke the past hours.

It was probably three years after my marriage that I became a bankrupt—the progress of my debasement from that period, was rapid. I gave myself completely up to intemperance. The intoxicating draught operated upon my mind, like some bewildering spell of infatuation. I was unable to resist its influence. I was unable to turn away from the tide of ignominy, which was hurrying me to the vortex of destruction. My mind, though it did not actually decay, seemed somewhat affected with my body. My affections were benumbed and torpid, and the sympathies of my bosom, held affinity with nothing but drink.

Amid the most abject poverty, my wife shared my destiny. Bloated and distorted as were my features, she still imagined she saw in it traces of my early condition. And when, in some fitful moment of remorse and sanity, I professed repentance—when, for a moment, I told her that my affection for her still lived—Oh God! what a flush of joy overspread the features of my poor Amelia—what a thrill of rapture seemed tingling through her veins, as she still hoped to save me.

Then she would tell me over all my prospects of retrieving my fortune—that I was yet young—that my father would receive me back again into his confidence—that she would love me, and cherish me—and then, for a moment, melted and overcome, I would promise her to reform. But I could not. The curse was upon me and in vain I endeavored to shake it off.

At last my poor wife grew sick; she bore up for a long season under her sufferings, but finally her heart broke and she died.

\* \* \* \* \*

I had humanity enough left to know the extent of the evil I had inflicted—but in the horrors of the moment I had but one resource—the bowl—the accursed bowl. Again and again, I sipped of its deep damnation.

A little longer, and I was a spectacle disgusting to the philanthropist. A beggar and a drunkard, I wandered through the streets of my native city, an object of contempt and shame. My father spurned me from his door—but alas! the old man was but a little while for this world. My infamous career soon bore his grey hairs



with sorrow to the grave. He bequeathed his fortune to a distant relative.

At the time of his death I was a tenant of the almshouse, being a victim of mania-potu, and a maniac.

For a long time I struggled with death, but I was yet young, and finally recovered. My form was now emaciated, and my countenance ghastly.

My mind had somewhat recovered its former capacity, but as my reason floated back, good God! what horrid images mingled among my memories. I was the murderer of my wife—I was a parricide—and my father's dying groans and malediction, seemed like an eternal knell in my ears.

I have toiled through twenty years more—and now, whilst I totter on the brink of eternity, I am still a drunkard!! If ever a human being has suffered for the crime of drunkenness, that being am I. I have hesitated often as to launching myself into another world, but resolved to bear the agony of my reflections and the horrors of my condition, as an atonement for my crimes.

I am a murderer! I feel, as I linger on the confines of this world, that I have murdered the wife of my bosom—I feel that I have sent my father in his old age, with sorrow, to his tomb! But oh! have I not suffered for my iniquities? Have I not, by living in squalid misery, in degradation and in infamy, suffered more than a thousand deaths? Forgive, I beseech thee, O God, in this, my last and mortal hour of anguish! Forgive me, sainted spirit of my injured wife, and hallowed shadow of my murdered father. Angels of heaven, I pray ye, forgive me! And ere I die, oh youth! whilst my soul is yet lingering in its mortal tenement, shun, oh shun, I beseech you, the intoxicating bowl.

#### ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

The author of the annexed lines is a young man, who is destined one day to occupy a high station in the profession which he has chosen, and in the literary world. They were written several years since for the St. Andrew's Society of Baltimore.

#### SONG.

Crown high the bowl with sparklink wine—  
With Ivy wreath the cup—  
Let genius reflect a light divine,  
As foams the rich flood up;  
Then raise the goblet—from each eye  
While flash the kindling fires,  
Let every heart respond the cry,  
To Albyn—to our sires!

Aye swell for her the festive strains—  
The themes she loves the most—  
Tell of her triumph crowned plains,  
Where sleep a patriot host;  
Her chrystal floods melodious flow,  
Her wild moors' stilly scene,  
Her Alpine heights of endless snow,  
And vales forever green.

Tell of her bards of ancient days,  
Whose wild notes brone afar,  
Kindle each fiery spirit's blaze,  
And lit the torch of War—  
Till as from each rock crested height,  
The stirring slogan rang,  
Gleam'd on a thousand blades the light,  
And forth our stern sires sprang!

For them, too, pour the bursting song—  
Ring out the loud applause—  
Bid time to his last age, prolong,  
That in their Country's cause,  
They bled upon that country's soil—  
And from their fathers' graves  
The mighty shout went up to God,  
They never would be slaves!

Far distant from their ashes, now,  
Our wand'ring footsteps roam,  
Breathe balm no more upon our brow  
The gales of childhood's home,  
Yet still—though over us the flush  
Of skies as sunny glow—  
Of other waters though the gush  
More musically flow.

While live the founts, whose feeling's springs  
Their gentle courses take—  
While mem'ry from her golden strings  
One echo can awake—  
We'll cry—till on our lip the smile  
Of ling'ring life expires,  
Health to the mountain crested isle  
To Albyn—to our sires!

Then crown the bowl with sparkling wine—  
With Ivy wreath the cup—  
Let gems reflect a light divine  
As foams the rich flood up;  
And as ye raise it—from each eye  
While flash the kindling fires—  
Let every heart respond the cry,  
To Albyn—to our sires!

"A funeral procession in London of a distinguished character, is an imposing pageant—if the dark symbols of mourning can be called a pageant. The undertakers are numerous, and all in a dress of the deepest mourning—the pall-bearers carrying what might be called waving black standards. The hearse, and the coffin when it enters the church, and to the grave, are preceded by a man, who bears upon his head a forest of black ostrich feathers, rising and falling in massive plumes, jostling at every step, and waving to the slightest breeze. This single personage presents a formidable show, and from the dark and mourning cloud, which he bears upon his head, seems to say to all, give place for the dead. Next comes the hearse, in the present instance, drawn by six horses with a groom all in black at the head of each—and each horse's head lifting, by a lofty step, a tuft of plumes, black of course, and waving with every motion of the restive animal. Another forest of ostrich plumes of the same dark character rests upon the hearse, and covers it from front to rear. And then comes a long procession of mourning carriages, every horse's head dressed as before, and all who have to do with them. And the horses too are jet black, whose manes and tails are never pruned. All this, as you may imagine, is a most expressive and eloquent show. It speaks the nature of the occasion to the eye, and through the eye, to the heart. And the slow and solemn movement all accords, and you feel that it is death, drawing with reluctant footsteps to the grave of a fellow being."

David Garrick was once on a visit at Mr. Rigby's seat, Misty-hall, Essex, when Dr. Gough formed one of the party. Observing the potent appetite of the learned doctor, Garrick indulged in some coarse jests on the occasion, to the great amusement of the company, the doctor excepted, who, when the laugh had subsided, thus addressed the party:—"Gentlemen, you must doubtless suppose, from the extreme familiarity with which Mr. Garrick has thought fit to treat me, that I am an acquaintance of his, but I can assure you that, till I met him here, I never saw him but once before, and then I paid 5s. for the sight." Roscius was silent.

The theatre of the Pantheon in Paris has produced a drama, in one act, entitled the "Death of the King of Rome." All the Parisian theatres have announced pieces on the same subject.

### GAS LIGHTS IN PHILADELPHIA.

A new subject is about to agitate our citizens, no less than that of lighting all Philadelphia with gas. Already has the project found warm opposers, and an animated discussion may be anticipated. We copy from the Boston Daily Advertiser an article in relation to gas lights, giving much useful information concerning the objections which their opponents have started.

**GAS WORKS.**—This subject, which has occupied so much of the time and attention of the Committee of Aldermen, in the investigation of the complaints against the Gas Works, is now set at rest, we trust, by the result of that inquiry.

The grounds of complaint against the Gas Works were four. 1st, Injury to health: 2d, danger of explosion: 3d, Annoyance by the smell, smoke, and soot: 4th; Depreciation of real estate. The two first points were conclusively settled by the opinion of the Consulting Physicians, (Doctors Warren, Shattuck, Shurtleff, Randall and Hayward,) whose advice was taken by the committee, and who unanimously declared "that no facts have come to their knowledge in this or any other city, which warrant the belief that these works are dangerous to health; so far as regards epidemics produced by atmospheric influence, they presume that the decomposition going on in these Works would have a tendency to correct or destroy atmospheric miasmata, which produce epidemic diseases." This opinion is corroborated by the fact stated in the French journals, that in Paris where the cholera raged with greater violence than in any other city in Europe, the neighbourhood of the Gas Works was comparatively free from its influence and ravages. The uncommon good health enjoyed by all the persons employed in the Works in this city, including the proprietor who is there daily from six to ten hours, also demonstrates the groundlessness of this complaint.

The danger of explosion was shown to be equally imaginary. The gas is contained in a tub or vat called a gasometer, constructed of thick plank, surrounded with numerous iron hoops of great strength; the bottom of this vessel is filled with water to the depth of 19 feet, and in it is suspended a bell of plate-iron, riveted and made air-tight. The gas is introduced into the bell through the water, and has no communication whatever with the external air, except by the supply pipes; when the bell is filled for the first time, there is a mixture of gas and atmospheric air in the gasometer, which is *explosive*, but this is only for a few minutes, and can never occur again, for the atmospheric air is forced out through the supply pipes, by the gas, and is consumed in the burners.

The physicians on this subject say, "The carburetted hydrogen gas which is used for lighting cities *cannot burn, much less explode*, except it be mixed with oxygen gas; that a mixture, sufficient to produce an extensive inflammation and explosion should suddenly occur, is highly improbable. If such an explosion of the gas did take place, we presume its effects would be confined to the edifices in which it was manufactured." This concurs with the opinion of Sir Humphrey Davy, Mr. Wollaston, and other scientific men, who were examined in 1832, before a committee of the House of Commons in England, and all experience.

The third speculation of complaint was the annoyance to the neighbors from smoke, smell and soot. On this point, between thirty and forty witnesses were

examined before the committee. Their statements were various as to the existence and degree of annoyance from these sources. One would assert, that he and his family were often suffocated with the stench of the gas, his rain water spoiled by the soot, and his clothing, hung out to dry, stained and spoiled with the particles of black from the chimney of the gas works; while his next door or opposite neighbors declared that they and their families had experienced none of these annoyances or had perceived only some of them in a very slight degree; this too was by persons equally the proprietors of the estates they occupied, and equally interested in getting rid of the gas works, if they were really a nuisance. Nothing therefore like "a common nuisance" could be made out from such contradictory testimony.

The last ground of complaint was the depreciation of real estate since the erection of the gas works in 1828. This was much urged on the consideration of the committee; and it was stated by different witnesses variously,—some fixing the reduction in value as high as 35 per cent., and others descending gradually to 10 per cent. It was shown, however, by Mr. Robinson, that in Ward No. 1, to which all the grievances complained of are confined, there had been a steady increase in the valuation of the real estate in the last ten years, with the exception of the disastrous year 1830 (that "year of famine" to the proprietors of factories) when it was a little reduced. In 1823 the whole real estate in the Ward was valued at 831,400 dollars, and in 1832 at 1,189,600 dollars. It was also shown that during the period since the erection of the gas works, purchase of lands in that quarter had been made to the amount of 287,000 dollars, and that instead of any depreciation in price, within a few months, land adjoining the estate of Mr. Robinson had been purchased by gentlemen residing in the ward, at a price higher than he gave for the gas works land.

It was urged by the proprietor of the gas works, that a removal of them was impossible, all the great ducts and arteries which were laid down under the street, being adapted to the present location of the manufactory; that in London and very many other cities and towns in Great Britain, and on the continent, works of this nature have been established, and generally were to be found in the heart and centre of the population; that so long ago as 1822, there were six companies in different parts of London, who worked more than eleven hundred retorts, while here only eight had been in operation hitherto; that in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, the gas works were located in central and populous places, and had been in operation for years, without complaint; that upwards of five hundred public and private buildings in this city are now lighted with gas, the fixtures for which had cost the consumers thirty thousand dollars; that the moral effects from the use of gas in lighting the streets, and thus preventing assaults and crimes, for which always darkness is sought by the perpetrators, had been largely experienced in England, and warmly acknowledged, both by the Committee of Parliament, and by Sir Robert Peel, when Secretary of State; and that a prohibition to his carrying on his works in their present location, would be equivalent to their entire destruction.

The committee, (Henry Farnam, John Binney, and Jabez Ellis, Esqs.) after much consideration, made their report, in which, after stating the complaints and the evidence on both sides, they dispose of the two first, (and by far the most serious ones, if they were well founded,) by reference to the opinions of the faculty and scientific men abroad; and in conclusion



they say, that "under all the circumstances of this important case, after carefully examining the notes of witnesses, and considering all the documents, they believe that those who live very near said works are occasionally annoyed and subject to inconvenience, and no doubt to some depreciation in the value of their real estate; still, when the whole city is included, these gas works are a convenience to the inhabitants. In fact, the committee believe, that the introduction of gas light into this city is a great public benefit; and they cannot close their report without stating farther, that the cities in England have derived great comfort and convenience by the use of gas lighting, and as a means of police, much benefit has been derived from the introduction of this light into their streets and lanes. The committee are aware that this report will give offence to some of their fellow citizens whom they highly respect; but, having honestly and unanimously arrived at the above conclusion, they cannot for a moment hesitate to declare it. The committee are of opinion, that the Mayor and Aldermen have a supervisory power to regulate and control said gas works, and should use it whenever public safety and convenience require; but at the present time it does not require their interference."

The death of Sir Walter Scott has called forth the annexed poem from the pen of Miss Landon.

#### THE DEAD.

Our sky has lost another star,  
The earth has claimed its own,  
And into dread eternity  
A glorious one is gone.  
He who could give departed things  
So much of light and breath,  
He is himself now with the past—  
Gone forth from life to death.

It is a most unblest grave  
That has no mourner near;  
The meanest turf the wild flowers hide  
Has some familiar tear;  
But kindred sorrow is forgot  
Amid the general gloom;  
Grief is religion felt for him  
Whose temple is his tomb.

Thou of the future and the past,  
How shall we honor thee?  
Shall we build up a pyramid  
Amid the pathless sea?  
Shall we bring red gold from the east,  
And marble from the west,  
And carved porphyry, that the fane  
Be worthy of its guest?

Or shall we seek thy native land,  
And choose some ancient hill,  
To be thy statue, firmly wrought  
With all the sculptor's skill?  
Methinks, as there are common signs  
To every common wo,  
That we should do some mighty thing  
To mark who lies below.

But this is folly; thou needst not  
The sculpture or the shrine;  
The heart is the sole monument  
For memories like thine.  
The pyramids in Egypt rose  
To mark some monarch's fame;  
Imperishable is the tomb,  
But what the founder's name?

Small need for tribute unto thee,  
To let the fancy roam—  
To thee, who hast by many a hearth  
An altar and a home.

Each little bookshelf where thy works  
Are carefully enshrined,  
There is thy trophy, there is left  
Thy heritage of mind.

How many such delightful hours  
Rise on our saddened mood,  
When we have owed to thee and thine  
The charm of solitude!

How eagerly we caught the book!  
How earnestly we read!  
How actual seemed the living scenes  
Thy vivid colors spread!

And not to one dominion bound  
Has been thy varied power;  
In many a distant scene enjoyed—  
In many a distant hour.

In childhood turning from its play,  
In manhood, youth, and age,  
All bent beneath the enchanter's wand,  
All owned that spell—thy page.

Read by the glimmering firelight,  
In the greenwood alone,  
Amid the gathered circle—who  
But hath thy magic known?

Laid in the cottage window seat,  
Fanned by the open air,  
Left by the palette and the desk,  
Thou hast thy readers there.

Actual as friends we know and love,  
The beings of thy mind  
Are, like events of real life,  
In memory enshrined;

We seem as if we heard their voice,  
As if we knew their face—  
Familiar with their inward thoughts,  
Their beauty and their grace.

As if bound on a pilgrimage,  
We visit now the shore,  
Haunted by all which thou hast gleaned  
From the old days of yore;

We feel in every hill and heath  
Romance which thou hast flung;  
We say, 'twas here the poet dwelt,  
'Twas there of which he sung.

Remembering thee, we half forget  
How vainly this is said;  
There seemed so much of life in thee,  
We cannot think thee dead.

Dead? dead? when there is on this earth  
Such waste of worthless breath;  
There should have gone a thousand lives  
To ransom thee from death!

Now out on it! to hear them speak,  
Their idle words are vain,  
As if it were a common loss  
For nature to sustain.

It is an awful vacancy  
A great man leaves behind,  
And solemnly should sorrow fall  
Upon bereaved mankind.

We have too little gratitude  
Within the selfish heart;  
Else with what anguish should we see  
The great and good depart?

Methinks our dark and sinful earth  
Might dread an evil day,  
When Heaven, in pity or in wrath,  
Calls its beloved away.

And fear and awe are on my soul,  
To look upon the tomb;  
And think of who are sleeping laid  
Within its midnight gloom.

What glorious ones are gone!—thus light  
Doth vanish from our shores!  
Out on the vanity of words;  
Peace now, for thoughts and tears!

## NOTES OF A UNIVERSAL READER.

"Come, let us stray  
Where Chance or Fancy leads our roving walk."

## EASY MODE OF CHANGING A MINISTRY.

At the time when Lord Liverpool's retirement from public life occasioned so many revolutions in the Cabinet, a girl at Perth one day expressed great surprise at what she heard regarding the king's dissatisfaction with his ministers. "Dear me!" said she, "can he just gang to another kirk?"

I have sometimes seen a couple of armies drawn together, on the stage, where the poet has been disposed to do honor to his generals. It is impossible for the reader's imagination, to multiply 20 men into such prodigious multitudes, or to fancy that two or three hundred thousand soldiers are fighting in a room of forty or fifty yards in compass. Incidents of such a nature should be told not represented.—*Addison*.

Perpetual aiming at wit is a very bad part of conversation. It is done to support a character; it generally fails; it is a sort of insult on the company, and a constraint upon the speaker.—*Swift*.

The malcontent is neither well, full nor fasting, and though he abound with complaints yet nothing dislikes him but the present; for what he condemned while it was, once passed, he magnifies, and strives to recast it out of the jaws of time. What he hath he seeth not, his eyes are so taken up with what he wants, and what he sees, he careth not for, because he cares so much for that which is not.—*Hall*.

A person speaking of the tenacity of life in turtles, asserted, that he saw one which had his head cut off, open its jaws six weeks afterwards. The company seeming rather sceptical, he said, I saw it, and I trust none of you will doubt my word. Then turning to one gentleman, he asked what he thought? The other asked him, Sir, if you had not seen the circumstance yourself, could you have believed it? Indeed, said he, I could not. Then I hope you will excuse me if I do not believe it.

A venerable but eccentric clergyman lately in attempting to get into a packet boat fell into the canal. He was drawn out, half drowned, and conveyed to a house in the neighbourhood, where he was put to bed. "Will ye take some spirits and water, sir?" asked his considerate host. "No, no," was the answer, "I have had plenty of water for one day: I'll take the spirits alone."

AN IRISH WITNESS.—A magistrate examining an Irishman concerning an affray which took place on board a vessel, asked him what countryman he was. "An Irishman to be sure, sir," was the reply. "Have you ever seen the sea?" "Heve I ever seen the sea, did you say? Faith! does your worship suppose I was trundled all the way over the salt ocean in a wheelbarrow."

## COMPASSION.

A shoemaker, waiting one day in the hall,  
At a gentleman's house gave a terrible squall,  
And the lap-dog loud howling began;  
The lady came out—"O my poor little Peg!  
And see how she limps! how she lifts up her leg!  
See, ruffian! see, barbarous man!  
"My lady, my lady, I trust she's not mad;  
As I hope to be saved, my calf's very bad,  
I shall walk all my life with a stick;  
The lap-dog has bit a piece out of my leg."  
"Dear me! you don't say so; my poor little Peg;  
I hope it will not make her sick."

HALF-BOARDERS.—A tradesman in the city lately com-

plained to the mistress of a boarding school in the neighborhood of the Kent road, of the starvation system that was pursued towards his daughter. "She is not more than half fed," said the father. "And what could you expect?" asked the *governante*, when you sent her to my school as a *half-boarder*." This reminds us of the question of a child, who when she heard that some person had gone into half-mourning, asked if any person was half dead.

HOW TO BECOME AN INDEPENDENT WRITER.—First learn sixteen columns of the Billingsgate Dictionary—and when you know them well by heart, swear you are the best scholar in Europe. Next, get rid of all property and character as quick as possible, for it is evident that a person cannot write impartially on these matters so long as he has himself an *interest* in the question. Wife and children? Never mind that; being a *scholar* and a *gentleman*, the public will not surely allow you to be a *pauper*! Or if it should, then sell yourself to the —, and be an *independent writer*.

A tame duck, belonging to Mr. Thomas Greenip, of Portinscale, commenced laying early in the month of February, 1831, at that time only eight months old, and during that season laid 141 eggs, 113 of which were produced in as many successive days; and in the present year, the same duck commenced laying again in the month of February, and has, during this season laid 160 eggs, 135 of which have actually been produced in as many successive days, making in all a total of 301 eggs in the short space of one year and five months, at the completion of which, on the 9th inst, the duck was only two years and one month old.

A gentleman of Leeds in his description of his eloped wife, says:—"She has a tongue that cuts like a fine-edged razor!"

## TOAST OF A SCOTCH PEER.

Lord K—, dining at Provost S—'s, and being the only Peer present, one of the company gave a toast, 'The Duke of Buccleuch.' So the peerage went round till it came to Lord K—, who said he would give them a peer, which, although not toasted, was of more use than the whole. His Lordship gave 'The Pier of Leith.'

## STRANGE PRAYER.

A Presbyterian minister, in the reign of King William III. performing public worship in the Tron Church at Edinburgh, used this remarkable expression in his prayer—"Lord have mercy upon all fools and idiots, and particularly upon the town council of Edinburgh."

THE CROCODILE.—The crocodile and the hippopotamus are very numerous, and the flesh of both is eaten. That of the crocodile is extremely fine; it has a green, firm fat, strongly resembling the turtle, and the callipee has the color, flavor and firmness of the finest veal.—*Denham and Clapperton's Discoveries in Africa*.

POWER OF ELOQUENCE.—The accomplished sceptic, Chesterfield, was present when Whitfield presented the votary of sin under the figure of a blind beggar, led by a dog. The dog had broken the string. The blind cripple, with his staff between both hands, groped his way, unconscious, to the side of a precipice. As he felt along with his staff, it dropped down the descent, too deep to send back an echo. He thought it on the ground, and bending forward, took one careful step to recover it. But he trod on vacancy—poised for a moment—and as he fell headlong, Chesterfield sprang from his seat, exclaiming, "By heavens, he is gone!"

The *Fife Herald* states, "that 900 individuals in Ayrshire were served up with porter, bread, and beef, in honor of the Reform Bill."



## THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 24, 1832.

**DUNLAP'S HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN STAGE.**—This is the title of a thick octavo volume just issued by the Harpers in New York. It contains much readable matter—numerous anecdotes of an amusing and entertaining character written with spirit, and in excellent English. The adventures and misfortunes of the players are fruitful themes for the biographer—they lead necessarily a roving life, sometimes here, sometimes there, and always on the look out for a generous public, and a new scene for the display of their talents. Their success often depends on change of place, as however attractive they may be, repetition before the same audience necessarily begets fatigue, and we strongly suspect that the secret of excellence lies in not attempting too many characters.

The biographical part of the work is ably executed—the author has been very much assisted by our excellent townsman and able actor Mr. Wood, whose contributions give a zest and freshness to the pages of the “history.” As a specimen of the author’s style which does credit to his head and heart, we offer the following sketch of Mr. Fennell, who must be remembered by many of our citizens, and whose “life” forms one of the very attractive volumes of most well filled libraries. We add a few anecdotes, and conclude by recommending Mr. Dunlap’s book to the lover of amusement, and accurate information on subjects which no man or woman who mixes much in society should be ignorant of.

“Mr. James Fennell was born in London, received a good education, which was finished at the University of Cambridge. Rejecting the study of the law, he offered himself to the manager of the Edinburgh theatre in 1817, under the assumed name of Cambray, and was well received by the public in the characters of Jaffier and Othello. Othello continued long a favorite character with Fennell, and with another sooty-face (Zanga), placed him high among the heroes of tragedy. Returning to London, he offered himself to Mr. Harris, and, still under the name of Cambray, played with some success, though not enough to fix him on the boards of Covent Garden.

“He returned to Edinburgh, and played with some eclat, but a dispute arising respecting parts with a favorite actor, the populace drove Mr. Fennell from the stage. A law-suit was the consequence, and after a time a return to London, where in 1789 he again had an engagement at Covent Garden, without rising in the profession.

“Between this time and his engagement with Wignell for Philadelphia, he appeared in Paris as my Lord Anglais, and supported a hotel in great style, at the expense of all who trusted to his specious manners and fine appearance.

“He was a remarkably handsome figure, although above the just height, being considerably above six feet. His complexion and hair light, with a blush ready for every occasion on which a blush could be graceful. His features were not handsome, his nose being round, thick, and too fleshy, and his eyes a very light gray, with yellowish lashes and brows. His appearance in the Moors, Othello, and Zanga, was no-

ble; his face appeared better and more expressive, and his towering figure superb. His Glenalvon was a fine piece of acting, and generally, his villains appeared very natural. Deceit seemed to be at home in all his words and actions.

“His style of living in Philadelphia was modelled on the plan he had tried in Paris, and with the same short-sighted system of dishonest extravagance, ended in the same disgraceful poverty, without the opportunity of flight. He was the idol of the literary youth of Philadelphia, and for a time revelled in the luxury of stylish living and applause on and off the stage. We shall often have occasion to mention this singular man, who abused the gifts of his Creator, and the cares bestowed upon his education by his father; and after a series of acts which, if an honorable and liberal profession could be disgraced by an unworthy member, would have disgraced it,—and after all that obloquy and misery inseparable from a career of fraud,—after sporting with the credulity of the inhabitants on the sea-shore, from Chesapeake-bay to Massachusetts, by pretended new modes of making salt, and with that of every city of note at that time in the union by other pretences,—after passing from the palace to the prison again and again,—this unhappy man appeared for the last time on the stage of the Chesnut street theatre, where he had been idolized in 1794, and exhibited the powerless remains of what God had made man, and vice had debased to a wretched driveller. He was allowed to attempt Lear in 1815, but even his memory was gone. And the scene of his former triumphs witnessed his last public exhibition of pitiable imbecility—the fruit of selfish indulgence, deviation from truth, and final intemperance. He died shortly after, in what, according to the course of nature, would have been the season of perfect manhood.

“May 7th. Smith, Mitchill, and self breakfast with Doctor Benjamin Smith Barton. Here I had a feast of physical science. He showed us a number of drawings in natural history, executed by himself, with eminent accuracy and taste, among which were two species of jerboa, lately discovered by himself. He has promised me a list of such plants of our country as have not been yet drawn, or have only imperfect drawings or engravings made of them. He showed us, in a small box, curiously preserved, a number of grasshoppers, each of which was transfixed with a thorn, and gave us the following history of them. “A gentleman, going into a young apple orchard, was surprised to see the trees hung with grasshoppers thus transfixed on the thorny branches. The farmer laughed at his surprise, and told him that the birds did it. For what purpose, or what birds, the farmer never inquired. This was late in the autumn. The gentleman’s curiosity was strongly awakened; he collected specimens of the insect, and watched for the birds. The result of his observations in this and the succeeding year was, that the “great ash-colored butcher-bird, or “shrike,” a specimen of which Doctor Barton produced (taken in the act), is the bird that dresses out such curious shambles; not only to serve as provision after the insect tribes have run their little race of life, but as a bait whereby to catch the small birds who remain late in the autumn, or winter, among us. The bird-catcher having baited the thorns, sits ready until a bird is attracted by the bait, then pounces on and secures his victim.”

“All this had taken place previous to the 18th of March, 1754, and a place secured for the representation of plays in Philadelphia. Accordingly the players proceeded thither, and commenced theatrical exhibitions. This was the first theatre opened in the

capital of Pennsylvania by artists or actors by profession. As early as 1749, it is on record that the magistracy of the city had been disturbed by some idle young men perpetrating the murder of sundry plays in the skirts of the town, but the culprits had been arrested and bound over to their good behaviour, after confessing their crime and promising to spare the poor poets for the future.

"The first regular company of comedians opened their theatre in Philadelphia, at the store-house of Mr. William Plumstead, on the corner of the first alley above Pine street, and commenced playing in April, 1754, with the tragedy of the Fair Penitent. The place has since been occupied as a sail-loft, and the remains or traces of scenic decoration were to be seen within forty years. This was called the new theatre. The word "new" seems to have applied to all the places or buildings used by this company, although there had been no previous establishment of the kind. The prices of admittance were, box 6 shillings, pit 4 shillings, gallery 2 shillings and 6 pence. The company gained money and reputation, notwithstanding a continued and vigorous opposition. Pamphlets were published and distributed gratis during the whole theatrical campaign, and every effort made to show the evils attendant upon plays and players, and play-houses; but Shakspeare and his followers prevailed. The tree was planted and could not be rooted out. The effort of the wise should be to improve its fruit by cultivation, trimming, and grafting.

"The foresight exercised by the Hallams in preparing their company for immediate action on their arrival in America, merits applause. The pieces had been selected, cast, and put in study before embarkation; and during the passage they were regularly rehearsed. The quarter-deck of the Charming Sally was the stage, and whenever the winds and weather permitted, the heroes and heroines of the sock and buskin performed their allotted parts, rehearsing all the plays that had been selected, particularly those fixed upon to form the first theatrical exhibition which was to enliven the wilds of America.

"It is easy to imagine the *fun* which these rehearsals, with the drilling of the corps, must have created among the tars. We know the salutary effect of the admirable plan of that skilful navigator, Parry, who by introducing the amusements of the theatre when his ship was locked up amid the gloom of a half year's polar night, preserved the health of his crew by preserving their cheerfulness. Sailors are peculiarly alive to dramatic representations,—in that, as in some other points, they resemble children; and the novelty of having such a set of passengers, with the humour of many of the pieces rehearsed, must have delighted Jack; while the nautical drollery of the audience must have been occasionally a source of equal amusement to the players."

CHARLE MINER, the veteran of the Chester County Village Record, has abandoned types and press, the editorial desk of literature as well as politics, and retired to the quiet Valley of Wyoming,

"—— To crown, in shades like these,  
A youth of labor with an age of ease."

Happy man! we exclaimed when we heard it! His ears are no longer stunned with the rude turmoil of political warfare; his mind to be no longer vexed with the vexations of the printing office—need we name them?—He leaves the smoky confines of the littered closet, to court the Muses and the Goddess of Health, in the deep shades and lovely meadows of the Susquehanna! Joy

and all good luck be with him; a fellow villager who still toils at the editorial oar, says that "He left Westchester, in company with his interesting family, on Thursday morning last, and will reside on his farm near Wilkesbarre. After having spent some fifteen or twenty years among the good citizens of Chester county, and received the highest marks of their confidence and attachment, the regrets that are experienced at his removal, are doubtless deep and reciprocal. Of what individual can it more truly be said,—'His are the manners, bland, amiable, and endearing, which smooth the rugged road of life, and bind man in love to his fellow man?' We have spent several years, side by side, zealously espousing and advancing the interests of opposing parties. As *politicians* we have differed—as *men*, as *christians*, whatever of the past was grating, has been *forgiven* and *forgotten*. May health and prosperity attend him in the calm eventide of life."

At the Chesnut Street Theatre Miss Hughes and Mr. Horn have been delighting the lovers of good singing during the week. On Monday evening Miss Hughes sang the *Mermaid's Cave*, composed expressly for her by Mr. Horn, and a numerous audience seemed highly gratified.

#### TO SUBSCRIBERS AND AGENTS.

The present number of the *Ariel* is the last that will be published. This course is the result of delinquency on the part of subscribers, to an extent which is disgraceful to human nature. Year after year have we toiled—thousands upon thousands have we spent in printing and sending out the *Ariel* to its subscribers, and though we have reminded them, time after time, that we were actually *suffering* for want of our dues, multitudes of them have, with a degree of *meanness* which has no parallel, failed to remit us the amount they owe. What can be more contemptible in men professing to be honest? Is it because they live at a distance from us, or because they intend to *defraud* us of these hard earned dues? Let those who mean to deal justly, immediately remit what they *know* to be due to us, as their defalcation has nearly ruined us already.

Those subscribers who have paid up for Vol. 6 will be supplied with the Saturday Bulletin in future: and will be credited each 50 cents on the Bulletin; they will thus begin at No 265, and be credited 13 weeks to No 277. They will find the Bulletin a larger and better paper than the *Ariel*, while the price is only 50 cents per year additional.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. C. of Mercer, Pa. (late Georgetown) is credited in full for vol. VI. His letter of June 17, came to hand on the 28th of September.

The enclosure from S. H. T. of Bellows Falls is received, and credit given for vol. VI. to each of the subscriber therein named.

G. M. of Utica, N. Y. is received and credited.

J. D. P. Lowell, Mass. do. do.

P. M. Kortwright, N. Y. do. do.

C. S. Schenectady, N. Y. do. do.

A. W. Lowell, Mass. do. do.

E. B. Newburyport, Mass. is received—all right.



